

# FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE



## Sim and the Redskins

**S**IM'S INDIAN adventure was totally unexpected because even as far back as 1836 there had been no such thing as a raid of the Redskins in Southwestern Georgia for many years. For this reason, and because he was only a twelve-year-old boy, his story was at first disbelieved.

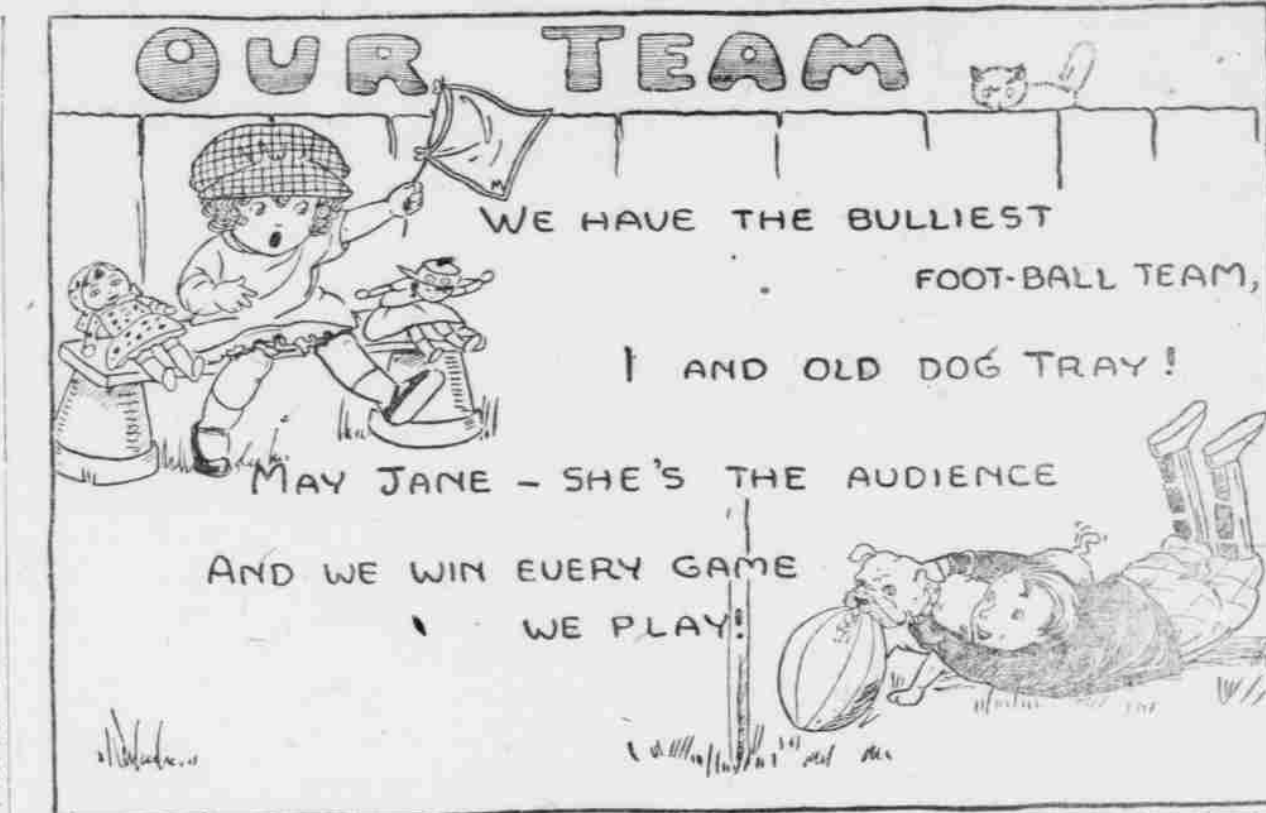
It happened during the log-rolling at the Fraser farm—a sort of picnic largely devoted to hard labor by means of which the pioneer farmers of that section helped each other extend their cleared acreage of land. Each tree of the "new ground" or small section of pine forest to be cleared was first "deadened," by being circled with the axe, which cutting through the bark stopped the running of the sap and caused the tree to die in a short time. This let in the sun, but before the wiregrass-covered ground between these tall dead trunks could be cultivated the fallen trees of years had to be cut up and the logs rolled into piles.

House labor of this sort was accomplished in a single day at a log-rolling attended by all the farmers within reach of the invitation. As usual, the pioneers brought their wives and sweethearts, and while the men rolled logs the women sat within the "double-pen" log house and made

a quilt, sewing collected "patches" of many colors together and finally stitching these over the cotton "baiting" spread in layers upon a wooden spun sheet stretched in a wooden frame suspended from the rafters. Much cooking of good things had been done in advance, so that the laborers of both sexes might enjoy a fine dinner and supper, too, for they were to stay and dance till a late hour of the night.

Several little children had been brought to the Fraser log-rolling but Sim was the only boy, and, as there was little for him to do and "nobody to play with," after the first few hours the time dragged. After dinner he started off alone into the woods with Mr. Fraser's rifle over his shoulder, hoping to get a deer by the "still hunt" method.

So for an hour or more the boy went slowly, soft-footed and almost without the rustle of a leaf, through thickly wooded bottoms, where he thought the deer might be feeding. But he did not succeed in surprising the wary creatures and, finally, tramping back toward the clearing, he sat on a log to rest. Discouraged as well as tired, he sat in perfect quiet, looking aimlessly down a long open aisle in the pines. He knew he was quite near the clearing, for now and then



he heard the voices of the men at work.

Presently one of the log-rollers known as "Al" Parker stepped into the woods and began to cut a long green pole. Sim could see him plainly from where he sat and was about to call out to him. But, instead of doing this, the boy suddenly gasped in amazement and stared, hardly able to "believe his own eyes," as he said afterward.

For out of the brush near Parker had appeared two Indians and these were creeping stealthily toward him from behind. They had rifles, but seemed unwilling to shoot, perhaps fearing to attract the attention of the log-rollers. Sim noted that the red men, who were naked to the waist, were hideously painted, and, inexperienced as he was, he knew this meant that they were on the war path.

As the terrified boy started to his feet, clutching his rifle, the foremost Indian wielded his own weapon like a flail and struck the young white man over the head. Poor Parker dropped like a log, and the second Indian, plunging forward with uplifted knife, gripped him by his bushy hair.

By this time Sim, trembling in every limb, was taking aim, and, as the knife was about to descend, his rifle cracked. Then the would-be scalper's arm fell limp at his side, his gleaming weapon dropped into the grass, and he staggered sideways, heading the air with his unimpaired

arm. The other Indian cast one glance around with a single low, urgent word to his companion, leaped into the brush, his wounded comrade followed close at his heels.

A few moments later Sim glimpsed the fugitives some distance away, running like deer and hugging the cover of the underbrush. Evidently they believed that they had been fired on by a pursuing party.

A few minutes later the log-rollers stopped work and stood looking curiously at Sim, wild-eyed and eager, ran toward them shouting:

"Oh, come quick!" he cried. "The Indians knocked Mr. Parker down and I'm afraid he's dead."

With incredulous exclamations the men started at the boy, wondering whether he was romancing wildly or had gone daft, all agreeing as Jim Fraser remarked that "there's Crooks over in Alabama and Seminoles in Florida, but there ain't no Indians round these parts."

"Well, I shot at one, anyhow, and hurt his arm," declared Sim—"to keep him from scalping Mr. Parker."

Still incredulous, some of them even laughing and joking, the log-rollers followed the excited boy. They were startled, but not quite convinced, when they saw the unconscious Parker. "Something" did hit him," said Jim Fraser, finding on examination the mark of the blow, "but I don't see no Indians."

Suddenly Sim pounced upon a long knife lying in the grass and held it up exclaiming: "If you don't believe me, look at that! My Indian dropped it when I winged him."

The men regarded the knife with serious faces. Sim's story was called for in detail and he told it to the majority of the log-rollers while two of them tried to revive Parker, and several others hastily constructed a brush stretcher.

Then the attention of all was attracted to a horseman who had ridden up in haste. He said that murderous bands of Alabama Creeks were passing through the section bound for Florida, and that it was necessary for all the settlers to arm, gather together and pursue them.

"Didn't I tell you?" cried Sim, too much of a boy not to welcome this complete vindication even though it came in the form of bad news.

No more logs were rolled that day, all the men hastily getting ready to join in the pursuit of the marauders. "Al" Parker alone paid any attention to Sim, whom he thanked gratefully and praised warmly for the courageous part the boy had already played in the "Indian hunt"—a hunt which lasted until, some days later, the remnants of the red gillies were driven far into the Florida forests.

Sim listened rather solemnly to the praises of Parker who doubtfully lamented that he alone could take no part in the coming fight. "I'm mighty glad I was in time and winged him," the boy said, "but I'd just as soon leave the killing to one of the men."

## The Selfish Princess

**O**NCE UPON a time, in the long, long ago, there lived a very beautiful princess, whose name was Delightina. Her mother had named her that because of her own delight in having a little daughter. And for many years Delightina gave her parents so much pleasure that she seemed truly named.

But, unfortunately, her parents loved her more dearly than wisely; and they gave her everything she could possibly wish for—which is a bad thing for anybody, even a princess.

She lost all her pretty grateful ways and only thought of her kind parents as givers. She spent many hours thinking up things to ask for, but never gave one fleeting thought to what she could do for them.

This was very bad for her, and the

"I do not want these dogs, I want three squirrels." (Squirrels were very rare in that country and Delightina had never had any you see.)

Immediately three squirrels ran by her side in place of the dogs, and the princess walked on without a "thank you."

But the squirrel ran and frisked about so much that they were not as good company as Delightina had expected them to be; so when she again saw the beggar in the road, she ran to her and said commandingly, "Take these squirrels away, and bring me three birds!"

At once the squirrels were gone and three beautiful birds flew round over her head. Delightina was much pleased at first but in a few minutes she tired of looking up and she called to the beggar who was resting nearby, "after all, I don't want the birds, give me back my goats!"

Instantly the birds vanished, but though Delightina watched carefully, no goats came to take their place. "Where are the goats?" she asked, impatiently.

"They are gone forever," replied the beggar and she threw off her disguise. "And you have had your three wishes. Now give me my bread!"

The princess had no bread and she was very frightened for she recognized the fairy queen and knew she had been very rude to her. "Dear me, what shall I do?" she cried.

"Give me three years of your life," replied the queen and the princess had no choice but to obey. So for three years, she lived at the fairy palace and learned lessons of kindness and self denial and then she went back to her own home and lived happily ever after.



She Was Very Frightened

kind fairies who watched over her, determined to show her how ungrateful and hard she was becoming. They resolved to change her ways.

So one day when Delightina was out walking with her three pet goats, the fairy queen disguised herself as a beggar and appeared on the road before Delightina. "Oh fair lady," cried the beggar, "give me a crust of bread and I will give you three wishes."

"I do not want your three wishes," replied Delightina, crossly. "I only want three dogs instead of these tiresome goats." And instantly the goats vanished and three dogs ran along side of their mistress.

Delightina walked along with them for a ways, but she found them hard to manage. So when she saw the beggar again by the roadside, she said,

## THE JUNIOR COOK in WAR TIME

SOMETHING TO EAT AFTER SCHOOL

Lay two dozen wheatless crackers in neat rows in a cookie pan.

Cut one dozen marshmallows in half.

Lay one-half marshmallow on each cracker, cut side down.

Put pan in moderate oven till marshmallows are light brown.

With a pancake turner lift from pan to a plate and eat at once.

## PUZZLE CORNER

FIVE-LETTER SQUARE

1. A nut.
2. To banish.
3. Pertaining to a city or citizenship.
4. A man's name. (Scottish.)
5. Parts of persons, bottles or garments.

DOUBLE DECAPITATIONS

1. Behold to concede, and find to rave, behold once more and find an insect.
2. Behold easily broken, and find to scold, behold once more and find some what ill.
3. Behold to affirm solemnly, and find to endure, behold once more, and find attention-head.
4. Behold to splash, and find to cleanse, behold once more and find a tree.
5. Behold a thrice and find doctrine, behold once more and find a kind of tall grass.
6. Behold a gem and find "vocal infection," behold once more and find a number.

ANSWERS

FIVE-LETTER SQUARE:—

P-E-C-A-N

E-X-I-L-E

C-I-V-I-L

A-L-I-C-K

N-E-C-K-S

DOUBLE DECAPITATIONS:—1.

Great Pontant. 2. Fruit Raitail. 3.

Scour-Wind-For. 4. Squash-Wash-Ash.

5. Screen-Creed-Red. 6. Stone-Tone-One.

## CHESTNUTS

"Seeds, of course," replied his Uncle Joe. "Chestnuts come in a prickly case, as you know. It takes Jack Frost to nip the case open. Have you ever seen a chestnut tree in flower?"

"Yes, it's just full of catkins," Dicky replied. "Catkins don't make

One day after they had filled their pockets with nice, fat roasted chestnuts, whom should they meet but their Uncle Joe?

"I have some!" said Dicky and Bob, holding out hands full of the tempting nuts.

"Aha!" cried Uncle Joe. "How they remind me of the time when I was a little boy!"

"Were you so very fond of chestnuts?" asked Dicky.

"I should say I was!" replied Uncle Joe, as they walked towards home.

"You see, I lived in the country and we boys used to go out and get our own nuts and roast them ourselves."

When the frost would come, it was the signal. We'd hustle out with crooked sticks and sacks through the woods. How red and yellow the leaves would look! Maybe we'd stop to watch a squirrel or pick a few wintergreen berries. Pretty soon we'd come to a big, yellow tree, and we'd begin our nutting!"

What are nuts any way?" asked Bob.

"No," his uncle agreed. "Horse

nuts, do they?"

"No," the flowers which turn into burrs grow in little cups close to the catkins—three flowers to a cup," explained Uncle Joe.

"There's a big horse chestnut tree near the school house," Dicky said. "Horse chestnuts aren't good to eat."

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chestnuts are second cousins to real chestnuts though—they both belong to the beech family. I remember, when I was a boy there was a big chestnut tree growing in our yard. It was a regular forest tree and was a hundred feet high. I wonder if it is still there!"

"A hundred feet!" exclaimed Dicky and Bob together.

"Oh, that's not so high for a chestnut tree!" said Uncle Joe. "In Italy there's a famous one called: 'The tree of a hundred horses,' because once a queen and all her followers sought shelter under its wide branches."

"You'd think such big trees ought to have big nuts," Bob declared.

Uncle Joe laughed. "Well, the nuts aren't so very big, but how sweet they are! And they're very full of stored-up goodness. They are different from most nuts because they have lots of starch in them. In some countries the people make cake out of them, and grind them into flour for bread too."

"Bread?" cried Dicky. "I should think that would be fine!"

"We may not have chestnuts much longer," Uncle Joe went on, and when Bob asked: "Why?" he explained: "The chestnut trees around here are being blighted. This blight was first noticed in a Brooklyn park about fourteen years ago, and since then it has been spreading."

"What's a blight?" Bob wanted to know.

"A kind of tiny growth which saps up the strength out of the tree. No cure has been found for it yet, but I do hope something can be done before all our beautiful chestnut trees are gone."

"Oh, my!" cried Dicky. "Let's go back and buy another five cents worth! Let's eat all we can before it's too late!"

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## TOYS AND USEFUL ARTICLES THAT A BOY CAN MAKE.

By FRANK I. SOLAR  
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WINDOW COLD BOX

These dimensions are suggestive. Change to suit individual needs or conditions.

Cut to fit window

For ventilation

Fasten to stile and sill with screws.

For a covering for front, tack cloth at A and B, - to hang in position shown by dotted line.

HERE REALLY is nothing to take the place of the ice box for the average family in the summer time. While ice is expensive, it is necessary during the hot months to preserve food. As soon as cool weather comes, however, it is possible to do away with ice and most people do so. If the ice box happens to be installed in the kitchen, its use for the keeping of food stuffs even in cold weather is not satisfactory because of the heat from the stove or range, and if it is outside, the necessity of going into the cold to place materials in the box, or to remove them, is not agreeable. The best plan is to have some sort of box arranged on the outside of the window. Many people set bottles, etc., on the window sill with no covering but the result is not pleasant to look at, especially from the neighbor's point of view. A box constructed on the plan of the one shown herewith has been found to be very satisfactory and by its use a considerable amount of material can be cared for with only the necessity of raising the window to secure it.

As noted on the drawing the dimensions are only suggestive. It might be necessary to make the box smaller or it might be found an advantage to

make it larger. If the box is to be made according to the dimensions given on the drawing, make out a lumber bill from the drawing and proceed to work up the pieces to the sizes indicated. It will not be necessary to use all wide boards in the construction. For instance the back may be made up of two or three narrow pieces, leaving small spaces between for ventilation. You will notice that the drawing calls for one-quarter inch spaces at top and bottom even if a wide board is used—these to allow plenty of chance for the air to circulate. For the top board, however, it will be best to use one board of the required width, as it is desirable to keep snow and rain out. If less than one board should be used, this would not be possible unless very good joints were made.

The arrangement of the shelf and divisions is quite clear. This arrangement can be changed if desired, though it has been found very convenient as it is. The space at the right is for tall bottles—milk, for instance.

In assembling, use nails or screws. To fasten in place, use screws as this will permit of the easy removal of the box in the summer.

It will be necessary to cut a small part of the extension of the top on one end, depending upon which side of the window the box is fastened. No dimensions are shown as the amount to be removed will depend upon the window construction.

A small block should be fastened to the bottom of the box at X to offset the slant of the window sill.

A curtain is not necessary, and is not on the box in use by the writer, but if one is desired, a strip of cloth may be fastened to the box and the window sash as shown, or a half curtain can be made and hung on the inside of the window. This is really the better way.

For appearance and durability the box should have at least one good coat of paint. Dark green is recommended. Remember the people next door will have to look at this box and you should make it as attractive as possible.

Answer to Miss Muffet Puzzle

THE CROW

THE crow he wears a coat of black. But crows, for all their cunning schemes, Are very easy fooled it seems; A bit of string around a patch They think is something meant to catch, And stakes dressed up to look like men Will scare them time and time again. Why once our hired man told a yarn, When he was working 'round our barn,

About some crows he scared so bad With scarecrows that his father had That they brought back the corn they stole And put each grain into its hole, And he, the hired man, said 'twas true, But I don't think it was, do you?

For when his corn's put in the ground The crows are sure to come around, And 'fore it's had a chance to sprout They dig right in and pick it out.

And never seems to have a care 'Cept how to get his daily fare; And lots of skill at this he shows As very well the farmer knows,

Put The Black Pieces Together Correctly And You Will See What Frightened Miss Muffet.



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